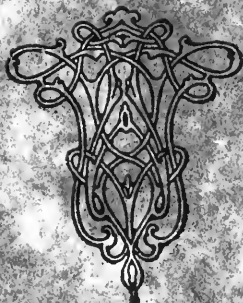


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MILING SOBBING SONNETS

By JORGE GODOY



NATIONAL CAPITAL PRESS

To Mr. Charles
Secretary of the Governing Board of the
Pan American Union. Compliments of the
author. Washington, D. C.
June 9/14

Smiling Sobbing Sonnets

By JORGE GODOY
Author of "SHORT POEMS." Etc.



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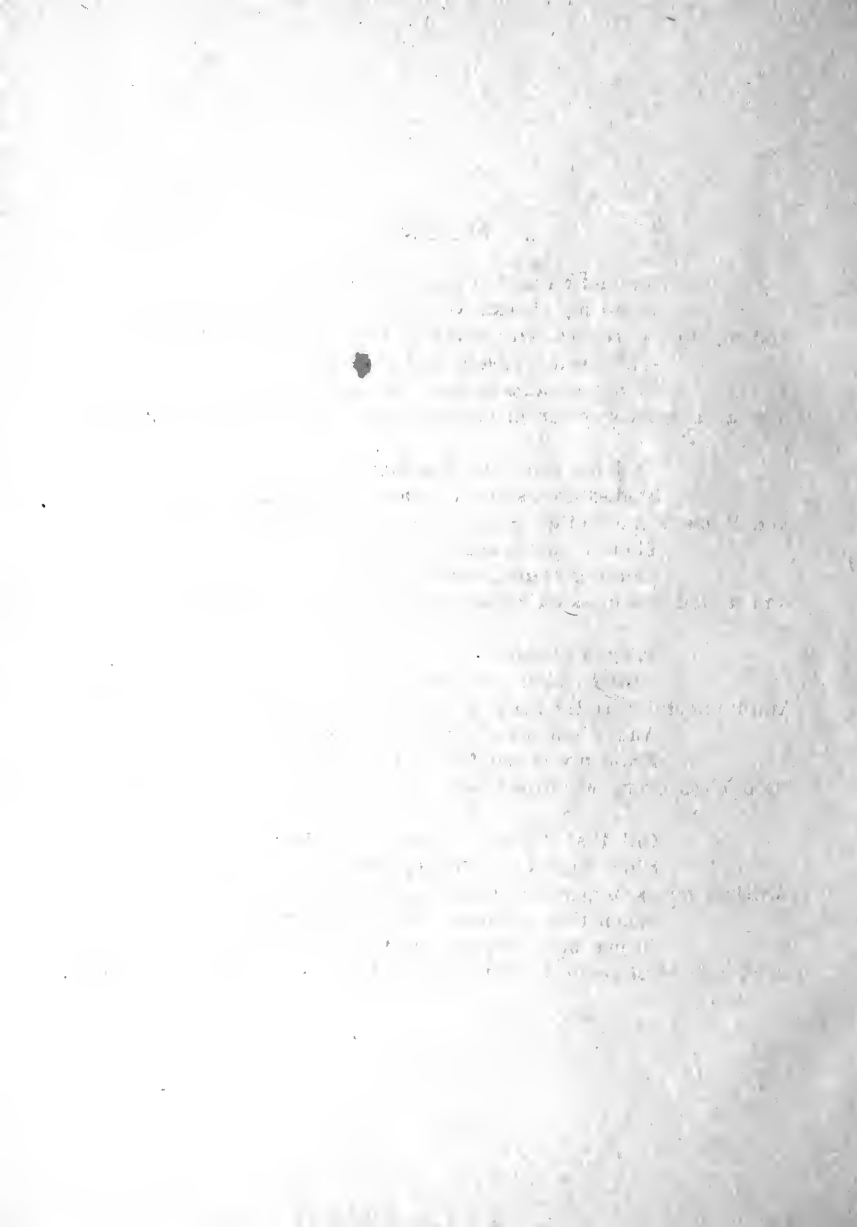
POEMS

One dark night, a night of stillness,
When my cheeks were pale with illness,
And my lips were dry with fever and my pulses loudly beat;
While sad, restless and delirious,
In my dreams a voice mysterious,
Like an angel's voice from heaven spoke to me with accents sweet.

As I lay attentive, hearing,
Shakespeare's form I saw appearing,
And it made me smile ecstatic, made me banish fear and woe;
Then I gazed upon a Siren
Lauding Dante, Schiller, Byron,
And a Goddess blessing Hugo, and a Nymph adoring Poe.

They depicted fame and glory,
Heaven, Hell and Purgatory,
And immortal were the sonnets that those bards composed and sung;
And when all their ghosts departed
From my couch I shouting started:
"God bless every wondrous poet, dead and living, old and young."

Oh! that dream was grand! exciting!
Since then I am always writing,
Writing verses, many verses, hoping that some future day
When this rhymester young and merry
Sleeps beneath the cemetery
Some one shall recite his poems, and for him shall weep and pray.



To The Reader.

Five years ago when my maiden efforts in the art of versification entitled "*Short Poems*" were placed before the American reading public, I wrote the following preface: "*I have yet a great deal to learn—I am but seventeen at present—still, I could not forego*

the pleasure of having you pass indulgent judgment on my first essays in the field of poetry." And to-day although the ever-to-be-remembered golden dreams of my never-to-be-forgotten mirthful boyhood have been metamorphosed into the sadder and more serious musings of melancholy youth; to-day when the vision of ephemeral life's reality with all its smiles and tears, joys and sorrows, phantasmagorically appears before my twenty-two years of existence, I can but repeat words similar to those of my happier by-gone days: "*Reader, kind reader, overlook the faults*

this unpretending little book of sonnets contains, for its author is still young, quite young, and has a great, great deal to learn."



JORGE GOBY,

Washington, January, 1914,



THE CUBAN GIRLS.

Where whisp'ring palms grow 'neath blue limpid skies,
And milk-white doves and dark-winged sea-gulls fleet;
Where sweethearts' lips in amorous kisses meet,
The Poets' Island known as Cuba, lies.
In that enchanting, mirthful Paradise
Where youthful hearts with ardent passion beat,
The maids are beautiful and pure and sweet,
And speak Love's language with their jet-black eyes.
They are so chaste that if they weep, you weep;
They are so fair that if they smile, you smile;
When you behold them all your pulses leap
Because they charm! bewitch! allure! beguile!—
God bless the Sirens of the foaming deep;
God bless the Queens of earth's most lovely Isle.



Help The Poor.

Drawing by Karl Klee



All you who on the Couch of Gay Content
Repose ignoring Want, and Woe, and Tears;
All you to whom this Wondrous World appears
A Paradisaic Heav'nly Firmament;
All you who Joyous Love's Pure Sweetness scent,
And know not Man's faintheartedness and fears;
All you who smile away Life's fleeting years
Forgetting Everything that Came and Went.
I speak to you of every race and land:
Love Money Less and Love the Suffering More.
Give to the Needy With a Generous Hand—
Pity the Maiden Whom Kind Hearts Adore,
Who Washes Dishes for a Living, and
Whose Feeble Mother has to Scrub the Floor.



Drawing by Karl Klee

How To Make Love.

Before her kneel, and whisper soft and low:
"Earth seems like hell when I am far from you,
How can I live, and oh! what shall I do
If you don't like me, for I love you so?"
But do not step upon your darling's toe
Though you be excited when you go to woo,
And then tobacco never, never chew,
And say not YES to her when you mean NO.
Should you be sneezing do not blow your nose
For that shocks any coy and lovely Miss,
And 'tis a serious thing when you propose;
If you would win her from the start, do this:
Compare her red lips with a blushing rose,
And end the drama with YUM! YUM! (a kiss).



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Sneezing Sonnet.

Ah, fairest, loveliest, sweetest, purest Sue
I hate your dumb red-headed friend Lulu,
And you, and only you, I wish to woo;
Cachu! (excuse my cold) cachu! cachu!
I love you for your eyes like skies are blue,
Because your kisses taste like scented dew,
Because your cheeks possess the rose's hue;
Cachu! cachu! cachu! cachu! cachu!
Besides, my turtle dove, I know you're true
For I can read your inmost musings through;
Cachu! (oh, how I sneeze) cachu! cachu!
Yes, love, a million deaths I'd die for you;
Cachu! farewell, sweetheart, cachu! adieu;
Oh, damn this cold.

Cachu!

cachu!

cachu!



Shoe Shining Sonnet.

"Oh, would that for a moment I were he
Who shines my lady love's cute doll-like shoe,
And gazes in her winking eyes of blue,
And sees her silken stockings blushing.
Say, little rascal boot-black, you be me,
And just for once allow me to be you;
I shall forget my verses now, and do
Your job, and pay you for it handsomely.
Thanks, boy, of course I knew you wouldn't refuse;
Here, take, accept this dollar bill—that's fine;
Brush some one else's boots, I don't care whose;"
And to his love he whispers: "Sweetheart mine
*God Bless the Darling Feet that Wear Your Shoes—
Permit Your Slave to Give Your Shoes a Shine."*

Figure 1

WHEN

When Death no longer claims both Young and Old;
When Goddess Truth prays blessing Demon Liar;
When Siren sweetness weds Satanic Ire;
When Youthful Souls no more are Bought and Sold.
When Beggar Want woos Queen Bright Glitt'ring Gold;
When Virgin Chasteness seeks Impure Desire;
When Icy Snow becomes Red Flames of Fire;
When Burning Phoebus shivers Frozen Cold.
When Wise Men turn to Fools, and Fools turn Wise;
When White is Black, and Bitter Things taste Sweet;
When Earth becomes a Joy-Dreamed Paradise;
When Hell's and Heaven's Hearts in Rhythm Beat;
When God and Satan confer 'mid the Skies,
Then, Only Then, Dear Love, We Two May Meet.

I LOVE YOU

I love you, love you. love you more, much more
Than Heaven loves the twinkling stars' soft beams;
Than Romance loves the moon's bright silv'ry gleams;
Than Earth loves Fairyland's sweet sun-kissed shore.
I love you, love you, love you; I adore
You so, that when I think of you it seems
I dream the purest, sweetest, loveliest dreams
I e'er shall dream or e'er have dreamed before.
Oh, would that with this sonnet I could touch
Your tender heart, and read your pure soul through;
I love you, love you, love you so, so much—
God knows it and I vow 'tis true! true! true!
My love is so, so great; my passion such
That I could die a thousand deaths for you.

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TO THE DREAM OF MY DREAMS

Your kisses taste like heav'nly scented dew;
Your touch feels like an angel's soft caress;
Your smiling lips I laud; your sighs I bless;
Your eyes defy bright stars 'mid skies of blue.
Your chasteness makes me love and worship you;
Your charms are such as Goddesses possess;
Your joyous life fills mine with happiness;
Your beauty makes my sweetest dreams come true.
In slumbers your dear name this bard repeats,
And with your image sees Enchanted Shores,
And o'er the World of Love with you he fleets
Where lies the Promised Land Gay Youth adores;
For you his whole heart throbs; his whole soul beats;
Oh, would that you were his and he were yours.

FORGET ME NOT

The day I sink in Life's Tempestuous Sea,
And far from Sorrow, Suff'ring and Despair
My lifeless form lies in the church-yard where
Youth, Love, and Hope and Laughter cease to be.
When all my thoughts and heav'nly dreams of thee,
And e'en your image so angelic, fair,
Are buried in my grave; when I sleep there
Think of me, love; sweetheart, remember me.
Forget me not when cold and still and white
My corpse imprisoned in Death's Cell of Gloom
Shuns bright, bright Day, and welcomes black, black Night;
Ah, promise me that when I meet my doom
Mem'ry's sweet silent sad sepulchral Sprite
Shall haunt my Soul and kiss my lonely tomb.

FORGET ME NOT

When I think of life's journey,
And the path I have trod,
I am grateful for the friends
Who have been by my side,
Through the darkest of nights,
And the brightest of days,
For their love and support
Has been my guiding light.
I am grateful for the moments
When I have been able to help,
For the joy of giving
Is a gift that never ends,
And the love that I have given
Is a treasure that will last.
I am grateful for the challenges
That have made me who I am,
For the struggles and the triumphs,
For the lessons that I have learned,
For the strength that I have gained,
And for the love that I have found.
I am grateful for the journey,
For the friends who have been true,
For the love that has sustained me,
And for the life that I have lived.
For all the good that I have seen,
And all the good that I have done,
I am grateful for the journey,
And for the love that I have won.

THE POET AND NATURE



'Wake, 'wake, oh, wild and perfumed scented flow'r,
Deep smiling valley, creek and trembling rill;
'Wake twitt'ring swallow and sweet sun-kissed hill,
'Wake heav'nly dew-drop and God's liquid show'r.
Let me, Dame Nature, pass a pensive hour
Amid the woodland with the daffodil
While tuneful songs that captivate and thrill
Are heard from birds' nests in the belfry tow'r.
Dance, dance bright sun-beam on the clear lagoon,
Descend pure angel from the virgin's shrine,
Rejoice sad siren and pale nymphet, for soon
You shall behold my lady love divine;
Last night we kissed beneath the waning moon—
Last night she won this throbbing heart of mine.

TWO GIRLS



The pretty girl has large, bewitching eyes;
The ugly girl has eyes both dull and small;
The pretty girl is slender, proud and tall;
The ugly girl is short, fat, humble, wise.
The pretty girl to everybody lies;
The ugly girl the truth she tells to all;
The pretty girl is seen at dance and ball;
The ugly girl stays home and weeps and sighs.
The pretty girl is merry, full of grace;
The ugly girl, poor thing! is shy, sad, droll;
The pretty girl the youths love, praise and chase;
The ugly girl the youths will ne'er console;
The pretty girl has the MOST LOVELY FACE—
The ugly girl has the MOST LOVELY SOUL.

Published by "Sine Nomine", June 15, 1912.

A DEMON



When howling winds and raging tempests roar
Through dreaded deserts and through valleys deep,
And waves phantasmal from the ocean leap,
And dash and foam against the sandy shore.
When huge volcanoes burning lava pour,
And ghastly cyclones o'er the waters sweep,
A dark-eyed demon oft is said to creep,
And all the nations of the world explore.
This hellish monster should not live unsung—
He very seldom faces sad defeat,
And e'er since Adam he has crawled among
All humankind, ah! with his noiseless feet;
This demon lures the old as well as young—
You know him, reader,—he is called CONCEIT.



TO YOU



How sweet, how beautiful this life would be
If I could press your lips and cheeks to mine -
If I could kneel before your form divine,
And pray to God to let me worship thee.
How fair this world would seem, sweetheart, if we
Could pluck red roses from the clust'ring vine,
And place those flow'rs upon the Sacred Shrine
Of that grand Temple called Felicity.
Last night, my life, I had a lovely dream,
I dreamed, dear heart, that you were ever true,
That we strolled guided by some power supreme
Through wondrous woodlands where wild roses grew;
I heard a sigh, and 'twas the murm'ring stream -
I felt a tear, and 'twas a drop of dew.

TO A BATHING GIRL



Oh, would I were a wave at liberty
To circle 'round you in a fond embrace,
And kiss your lips by sprinkling o'er your face
The gushing waters of the foaming sea.
Oh, would I were the fish that merrily
Swims through the ocean to the very place
Where you are bathing, and admires your grace,
And form divine which oft has tempted me.
Through dark blue waters would I have to creep
Sweet bathing girl, if I were fish or wave,
And live forever 'mid the dreaded deep,
And swim and perish in a wat'ry grave?
Ah, then methinks dear nymph I better keep
My natural form, and be your loving slave.

TRUE LOVE



If you should shout: "Go to that vivid flame,
And living perish in its scorching fire,"
I would comply at once with your desire,
And suff'ring dying, I would bless your name,
And if in anger to my home you came,
And called me: "Cutthroat!--thief!--assassin!--liar!"
Your charming beauty I would still admire,
And laud, adore and worship you the same.
My God! I love you more than tongue can tell,
Be you an angel from the sacred sky
Or be you a demon from the gates of hell;
For you, oh, woman, I would live and die
E'en if as angel into vice you fell--
E'en if as demon you should horrify.

THE PESSIMIST



When I was born I came into this sphere
With sad tears stealing from my childish eyes;
My toys and nurses I would oft despise,
And other children I would hate and fear.
I grew to boyhood in an atmosphere
Of weeping, sorrow, suff'ring, sickness, sighs,
And cursed the children who would tell me lies,
And fought with others who were not sincere.
When I sit musing by the hearth to-day,
And hear the thunder and the dreary show'r,
I sadly dry my bitter tears away,
And murmur softly: "Oh, ill-fated hour
When first I saw the smiling light of day--
When first I blossomed as the fragrant flow'r."

CUAUHTEMOC



Surrounded by his troops, Hernan Cortés,
The Aztec Prince Cuauhtemoc he defies,
And like a thunder howling through the skies
His voice is heard: "You cur, reveal, confess
The secret of the gold which you possess!"
"I know it not" Cuauhtemoc bravely cries--
Then to his warriors shouts Cortés: "He lies!!!"
With tortures he shall answer NO or YES.
Placed with bare feet amid a raging fire
Cuauhtemoc sees a comrade writhe with pain,
And while the scorching flames rise higher and higher
The hardy Indian chief does not complain,
And questions he the suff'ring one with ire:
"Is this a couch of roses, friend explain?"

A DEATH - BED



Long golden tresses kissed by setting sun
Disheveled lie about her neck and head,
And sadly weeping when I reach her bed
To God I murmur: "May Your will be done."
And while I kneel before her couch, my son
Springs to my arms; I dry the tears I shed,
And he beholds his mother cold and dead,
And to me says my frightened little one:
"Oh, father, father, let, oh, let me go
To mother's arms, she looks so pale, so white,"
And while my tears again begin to flow
I kiss his forehead with this soft good-night:
"Wake not your mother, darling speak more low;"
Then broken-hearted I put out the light.

IN THE CEMETERY



I saw him kneeling by the sepulchres,
His cheeks were pallid; he was tall and thin;
His eyes looked ghastly, they were sunken in,
But shone as brightly as the silv'ry stars.
I heard him whisper: "Hear, the funeral cars
How fast they march! "He then began to grin,
And shouted: "God! it is a fiendish sin
To place my love in that cold grave of hers."
I gazed upon him, and he gazed at me;
He seemed to suffer some mysterious pain,
And tears of sorrow filled his eyes, while he
Exclaimed with anguish: "I am not insane!"
His voice then roared as roars the roaring sea--
He grinned and wept and prayed and smiled again.

THE HERMIT



Secluded from mankind, a hermit I
Would dwell within a cave of earth and stone,
And envy not the monarch's costly throne,
And envy not the gold for which men sigh.
Enamoured of the earth, the sea and sky
My whole life I would consecrate alone
To pray for those who suffer, weep and moan--
To pardon those who murder, steal and lie.
I would adore the fountains murmuring,
The breeze that kisses flow'rs that bloom and fade,
The scented grass and birds that sweetly sing,
And every lovely thing that God has made;
And I would greet Death's bells when they should ring
Unenvied and unknown and unafraid.



THE AEROPLANE



Up, up it goes into the ethereal sky;
O'er trees and meadows, o'er the land and sea--
As dark-winged swallows it is light and free,
And envies not the tuneful birds that fly.
And when it soars into the space on high
The aviator then looks down with smiles and glee
On pigmy mountains, valleys, woods; and he.
For love of science vows to live and die.
The manbird is much braver than the tar
Who sails the ship upon the foaming wave,
Much braver than the soldier boy who far
From her he worships finds a lonely grave;
He loves the heavens with their sun- moon- star--
He is in truth the bravest of the brave.



A DREAM



One night I saw her as she passed me by--
'Twas in the forest where the roses bloom--
'Twas in the meadows where the sweet perfume
Of dew-kissed flowers fills the earth and sky.
And as she passed I heard her softly sigh;
How much I loved her; what would be my doom?
Was she a spirit from a vacant tomb?
Was she a ghost to sentence me to die?
In truth she was bewitching to behold--
Her bright blue eyes, God! how they gazed at me--
Her silken locks were of the purest gold;
Her teeth were white pearls from the restless sea;
Just then her slender form I did infold,
And smiling 'woke in joyous ecstasy.

M 390 2

A TROPICAL NIGHT



The sparkling stars amid the azure sky
Illume the meadows with their silv'ry light--
Bright smiling day turns into lovely night,
The palm trees whisper and the fountains sigh.
Red blushing roses blooming beautify
The babbling brooklets, and the moonbeams bright
Dance on the ocean with extreme delight,
And nightingales the humming birds defy.
The sea gulls dip into the liquid bay
Their fan-like wings, and with my gay guitar
Beneath the window of my love I stray,
And hear the roaring of the waves afar,
And while sweet smiles about her red lips play
I sing love verses to the night and her.

FORGET THE MAINE



Amid the whispers of the unfathomed deep,
Within the silence of a liquid grave,
Caressed and wooed by Sea's enamoured wave
The shattered remnants of the great Maine sleep.
To-day my soul with sorrow's filled, I weep
Ah, when I picture how some mother brave
Her tender kisses and her blessings gave
To him, her darling, whom Death's angels keep.
But all is past—the explosion came—they fell—
They died like heroes without tears or pain,
And flew to heaven where true patriots dwell,
And so to-day let all the sons of Spain,
And those of Cuba and Uncle Sam as well
Embrace each other and FORGET THE MAINE.

THE JOYOUS LAND



There is a land where true love reigns supreme,
A land of beauty and a land of mirth,
A land so fair that no one on this earth
Has e'er beheld but in a joyous dream.
The brooklet, fountain and the silv'ry stream
Ah, beautify this land; there is no dearth
Of water, food; and men of humble birth
There mingle with the great, and happy seem.
Eternally the wondrous sun does shine
On angels with alluring wings of gold,
And maidens playing on their harps divine
Are clad in diamonds; and I have been told
You see God sitting on his sacred shrine,
And heaven itself before us we behold.

Sonnet published by "The National Magazine",
August, 1910.

PITY HER



I know a woman, and a creeping snake
Cannot surpass her in her nature vile,
She carries poison in her fiendish smile,
And if she could your very life would take.
She came into this world by some mistake--
She is as hideous as a crocodile;
Life to this spectre cannot be worth while
For day and night she screams and lies awake.
Almighty God who loves all humankind
Let not this woman shriek and swear and rave,
And kick and bite and weep, and never find
True rest unless 'tis is in the silent grave;
Lord pity her for she has lost her mind--
She is worse off than was the negro slave.



TO A SATANIC-LIKE WOMAN



I curse and curse the day when first you came
Into this planet, woman vile and base,
And curse the hour when first your youthful face
Arouse the passion of Love's burning flame.
Why did I worship you? Was I to blame
If you endowed with wit and siren grace
Could tempt God's angels from His throne in space,
And drive those angels into tears and shame?
A tender mother and a loving wife
At one time, woman, yes, you could have been,
But now you lead a most degrading life,
Oh, how I loathe you female, drunk, obscene--
If some one plunged into your breast a knife
I would look on-- I would not intervene.



TO MY MOTHER*



More than a mother as a saint to me
You were in truth. You gave me birth and died,
But oh! my mother when you left my side
God kissed an angel in eternity.
To-day when in my dreams methinks I see
Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride,
And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have sighed,
While tears I shed when I remember thee.
And should we never, never meet again
How sad 'twould be, but I shall always keep
Your image in my heart, and not complain;
For something tells me that you lie asleep
Because my suff'ring would have caused you pain-
Because my weeping would have made you weep-

*From the Spanish of Julian del Casal, one of Cuba's most noted poets.

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